



ICARUS

CREATIVE WRITING SYMPOSIUM

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# ICARUS

A MAGAZINE OF  
CREATIVE WRITING

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
USAF ACADEMY

1972

## FOREWORD

*Icarus* is an annual publication of the Department of English, United States Air Force Academy. It contains the best entries submitted to the English Department sponsored Creative Writing Symposium, which is open to all members of the Air Force Academy Cadet Wing.

The purpose of the Symposium is to elicit creative expression from cadets and to encourage them to submit their efforts in competition with their peers. The competition is divided into three categories—poetry, short fiction, and essay. Panels of judges consisting of volunteers from the English Department Faculty are appointed for each category. Each entry is read and evaluated by a minimum of three judges who do not know the identity of the author. The three best entries in each category are awarded first, second, and third place in the competition, and these and selected other entries are published in *Icarus*. The awarding of places and publication are the only forms of recognition accorded the winners.

This year, although interest in the poetry and short fiction categories remained high, we felt there were too few essay entries to warrant awarding places and publication. So even though this year's *Icarus* includes less material than last year's, we feel the quality of the other published material is as high or higher.

We wish to thank the many people who contributed to the success of the Symposium, especially the faculty members in all disciplines whose help in publicizing the venture was one

key to its success, the judges who spent considerable time and effort in the extremely difficult task of deciding relative merit, and all cadet entrants, whether published or not, whose continuing enthusiastic response makes this project worthwhile.

The Editors

Department of English  
United States Air Force Academy  
1 May 1972

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*First Place Poem*

A Taping Session of the Brain

Once  
I hurried  
down  
Long corridors of sleep  
In desperate search of my self.

I knew it  
to be hidden deep  
within my Brain,  
Locked in some dark, cold  
Room,  
Shivering and Bleating,  
like a young and lost sheep.

I wanted my past.

I wanted to run  
it by  
like a TV recording tape.  
And shine  
on a technicolored screen  
For me  
And My Psychiatrist  
to see.

I tensed with curiosity,  
about past traumas  
and complexes  
and deep-seated sexual urges toward my mother.



So  
I connived and sought and finally  
Bullied  
a convenient Neuro-surgeon,  
of sadistic vein,  
to operate  
on me.

He  
Trepanned my brittle skull,  
peeling back limpid skin  
stuck through  
with pores and hair.

He invaded  
.the gullies and recesses  
of gray, nacreous  
thought,  
And then  
brought shining rapiers,  
trailing wires and thrusting  
long shafts of electricity  
into me.

“Here . . . or there?”  
“A little to the right.”  
“Here?”  
“Oh . . . . That’s it!  
Now I see!”

The tape  
on well-oiled wheels  
ran smooth,  
and my eyes were seared  
by light and life and  
vivid imagery.

They flickered  
in their sockets  
over long-lost events.

I relived diapers,  
the smell  
of hairless children's bodies  
immersed in peculiar sweat  
and their own narrow worlds,  
Puberty  
and awkwardness,  
unrelieved  
anxieties and fears,  
until  
there came the present me.

But  
No surgeon came  
to pull the plug,  
put back my skull  
like a manhole cover over its pit.  
or stitch  
my porous skin to fit  
in zig-zag symmetry.

The tape ran on  
smooth and uninterrupted,  
like a river,  
it's unchecked, free,  
and it hurries still.

And I'm lost to me.

*CHARLES L. HORTON*  
*Class of 1972*

*First Place Short Story*

From Morning Til Dark

The sun peeped into a velvet dark world. He rose to the insolent ringing of an immovable timepiece. To the cycle of the clock, the moment had come in which a spring-loaded bar released a piercing sound into a somnolent world.

He rose into the morning. From his cubicle of sleep, he began his preliminaries of the day like a child training to grow to adulthood. The breakfast began with dreary uninterest, but the warmth of its promise and the achievement of a full belly lifted his life. The sun was now above the horizon. The world changed to color.

From the table, to the bathroom, and to the steps, he smiled, and his mind waved a reassuring farewell to his empty house. He walked with easy steps to his place of work. He thought with soaring pride of his greatness to be out and alive at this strong hour of the day. The air was crisp and clean. Vigoratingly he whispered hope to a new day.

There alone, along the streets, he let his gaze rest on the empty buildings of this life. The beauty salons that he passed would, with the passing of a few hours, fill with bustling female life, full of hope for the miraculous transformation to come. The buildings of business and commerce would stream with life. But he would not be there.

Approaching the majestic building for which he worked, he thought gaily of the importance of this structure and its role in the life whose evidence he had mused at. He was employed in the warehouse.

By seven, he was ready to work. He had spoken briefly to the foreman; to his fellow workers he had smiled. He found that the awaited boxcars of insulation had come. Today he

was to unload and deliver the fiberglass to the warehouse. Before leaving, though, would he help Joe make a delivery of sheetrock? Sure.

The sheetrock, loaded by machine onto the truck, was driven to the specified place. He and Joe smiled when they faced the contractor. When they turned away, they were no longer smiling.

Sheetrock was normally easy to deliver. It came in in layers of two bulky sheets of flexible pressed gypsum, varying in size. This load was two hundred fifty sheets of eight by four feet, quarter inch thick sheets. Most often, the bed of the truck was hydraulically lifted to form an angle for easy gliding when the sheets were pulled off by hand. The sheets were then simply pulled and guided to a stack directly behind the truck. But occasionally there was a contractor, who was either cruel or ignorant, who requested that the sheetrock be carried into the house, or through the gate to the back, or any other area inaccessible by the truck. Then the stuff had to be carried.

One sheet was heavy and unwieldy, two were all that could be stood. The two sheets were lifted on end, width wise, so that their own bulk would not crack their construction; then with a man at each end, they were carried and carefully laid in the requested place. Such was what Joe and he had to do.

One hundred twenty-six trips of twenty-seven steps both ways—he counted them—and he was willing to curse the thoughtless son of a bitch who was too above them to stoop to even one trip such as that and had calmly and easily asked them to make one hundred twenty-six. But that could have been borne; it was the knowledge that these were unnecessary trips, that this gruelling task of stamina was imposed on them without proper justification in reasons for the sheetrock's transfer. The sheetrock could have been unloaded there, by the truck, and there it could have been

cut by the carpenters. The smaller, lighter pieces could have been carried with little difficulty, and the mess created by the action of cutting the gypsum would not have required a major clean-up in the building under construction, inside which the sheetrock was now to be cut. The illogicality of it was heart breaking—all the more so in that it was immoral to approach the subject with the contractor.

But he walked the three thousand, four hundred two steps crushed under white gypsum board. Each time he returned twenty-seven steps to lift and carry the burden another trip. No one felt a sympathetic jolt of pain when the heavy boards slipped to smash a toenail into months of violet discoloration. Even though Joe went with him every step of the way, he was violently alone under the crushing weight of that pure white gypsum.

Six thousand, eight hundred four steps later, Joe and he were in the truck. The cool morning had seemed to turn to blasting heat while they had labored with their task, but now, again the coolness kissed the smiling faces with the wind that the truck created as they drove and talked of the proper place of unloading sheetrock.

When they returned to the warehouse, he learned that he was to take a truck on to the boxcar. Joe was taking another worker to deliver shingles. He found himself wishing that this had been the delivery that he had accompanied Joe on. Asphalt shingles were heavy, and it took work to deliver them. Two men stood on the truck bed and lifted the shingles to the carpenters on the roof. But here, this work was necessary; the lifting to the roof was the most efficient way. If the shingles were dumped onto the ground, the poor carpenters would have had to strain their backs in carrying the heavy shingles from the ground to the roof. But, too, there seemed to be something else. There was no superior contractor to look on in idleness, only the flushed faces of the carpenters who shared their load, having to carry the

shingles from roof-edge to roof-peak. Instead of being separated by a long expanse of impersonal white board and facing only their distant goal, avoiding each other's wearied eye, Joe and he would have been facing each other and smiling into the other's familiar face, separated by only a small expanse of three feet of friendly color impregnated gems, small rocks of green, white, black, or whatever. But such was not his fate; he had been taken to deliver the white sheetrock.

Now his task was with a boxcar. To this he looked forward with eager expectation. No foreman, contractor, or boss to create obstacles for him to surmount. He would simply unload the rolls of feathery pink and yellow fiber glass, deliver and store them here. It seemed almost glorious, a substance which all men begged for to serve as their protection, like armies to withstand enemies on two sides. In winter, the armies would fight the heat to force it in, and struggle against the cold to keep it out. In summer, the armies' battles would be to keep the coolness from retreating from the building and battle the heat to keep it from rescuing the cold from the interior's prison. Such were his hopes of feeling.

He had unloaded many boxcars, but this was his first experience with insulation. The bundles ranged in size from the thin strips rolled to a little larger than the size of a living room hassock to the thick strips packed in paper packages as tall as a man, twice as wide, and twice as thick. The small ones he could throw to waiting men on the truck outside the boxcar. The larger ones he carried and rolled to be stacked and shoved onto the truck. The task was rapid and enjoyed. The wind sighed and whistled, whipping up the almost invisible loose particles of glass that were shaken from the tight bundles. He smiled as the ropes were tied to secure the bundles for their ride to the warehouse.

He traveled as a happy companion of the insulation to the warehouse. When they arrived, the foreman pointed to giant wooden shelves forty feet above the ground. There, he said, was to be the insulation's resting place.

He felt the first anxiety for his immediate future, but he soon laughed. The truck, twenty feet tall with its load of insulation, was driven to a place below the shelves, and he had but twenty feet to go. Hah, he thought, those bundles can be easily thrown.

And so it was, with the small hassock size rolls he threw from atop truck and insulation. But as he went down, and the distance became greater, and the bundles bigger, he found himself cursing the man who decreed that the bundles go so high.

With each bundle he threw, he created a greater distance, a greater requirement for taxing his power more to hurl that bundle over his head, and the glass glittered in tiny needles reflecting the sun as they returned. He tried to hang onto the advantage of height that he had by maintaining a stairstep. He dragged the undense substance made heavy by the manufacturer's stuffing of bulk into one package laboriously up his stairstep, and from here he hurled it to waiting arms that caught it up above. But despite his efforts to hang onto the spire and boon of height, the time came when he hurled it up to see it slow in mid-air, to stop, and then to speed itself to bounce and crash on truck bed from whence it came. His inward soul would have given a little unnecessary silent whimper, but again he must hurl it til that timing of muscles gave it enough height that the catchers could grasp it and haul it to its stack on the shelf.

When the truck was empty, and the last bundle of this load hurled, he leaned against the cab and took the time to notice that he was sweating heavily.

He returned to the boxcar and the light task of removing it

from the boxcar to the truck, tying it down, and riding it to the warehouse. Here, his losing battle, to maintain height while he tore at the substance of his height, was waged. A truck emptied, and the cycle repeated.

Thus it went. He toiled through the rest of the morning and ate his greasy lunch at a greasy cafe. About the third trip, it had hit him. The painfully remediless suffering fire of insulation. The tiny little crystals of sparkling glass that the wind and the sun had played so joyfully with had been whipped into his skin and eyes. The irritated surfaces cried when so abused, and when his fingers sought to relieve, the tiny fibers were driven abrasively deeper, and the fire flamed. The meal he could not enjoy; he burned.

Through the long afternoon, this man labored. The sweat flowed to tell him he was over heating his body. His muscles coiled and uncoiled to fire the weight into the air. And always his stair to height shrunk to aggravate his work. And always he burned. The time of easy loadings from boxcar to truck seemed to be short moments; and from truck to shelf, endless eternity. Always the stair shrunk.

He paused to feel and watch. A swollen drop of sweat poured off his heated brow. The drop departed his bowed head and formed a tear as it dropped from him to another brown paper package of insulation, as tall as he, twice as wide, and twice as deep. It occurred to him that these bundles were about the shapes of coffins.

After five, he passed the streets of this morning. Behind him was the warehouse and its waiting task of tomorrow. His back receded from the magnificent building.

He was there, outside the commerce and salons. The streets moved and flowed with the activities of the people. The painted women streamed from the salons. His muscles ached. He was among and passed many people.

He looked above the cobbled streets only with difficulty;



somewhere deep within him there was a wish to cry. He didn't know why. He drew each breath in deep sighs. He felt weak. He thought it was only because he was tired. And his steps dragged.

Finally at home, he washed a little and sat to rest. Lonely, he was. When his bones collected the will, he ate his supper, cold and heavy. When darkness fell, he slept.

*STEVEN R. MABERRY*  
*Class of 1974*

*Second Place Poem (tie)*

**My Instructor Is a Teddy-Bear**

**My instructor is a teddy-bear:  
Round and pudgy, lots of hair,  
And he smiles all the while and makes us laugh  
    at him,  
    at ourselves,  
    and books on the shelves which we discuss because  
The books are a lesson of life:  
One of love, one of strife,  
And all other feelings and ceilings of emotion  
    from him,  
    from us,  
    and places, thus we sense the truth,  
But the truth is a teacher:  
Serious aspect and funny feature,  
And too often a coffin lid is tightly shut  
    on him,  
    on books,  
    and smiles and looks and feelings and care. . .  
It is a treat being taught by a Teddy-bear.**

*DAVID C. McLAUGHLIN  
Class of 1972*

*Second Place Poem (tie)*

Puppet Glory

Nature's child is surely innocent,  
    until he finds a bit of puppet glory.  
And bit will lead to bit until he bites,  
And then perhaps it is too late:  
    too late to know himself.  
Mechanically he glimpses time in order to compare,  
    for if he works hard,  
    and he is good,  
    then he will control not just one string,  
                                    but  
                                    All of the strings.  
Slowly his egotistical fingers will displace  
    critical into uncritical.  
Because any puppet knows that he must smile – if he wants  
    to influence – and do what They want in order to be  
    what he wants, which is really to be Them.  
                                    THEM.  
They are glory.  
Glory is beautiful!  
    So inside he represses and outside he simply presses.  
Nature's adult surely can not be hurt if he does not care:  
    if he has patience:  
    if he wants glory.

*DAVID C. McLAUGHLIN*  
*Class of 1972*

*Second Place Short Story*

A Lonely Man

The pier stretched far out into the ocean. It had once been the center of all shipping in the area, but that was long ago. Since then the pier has grown old and — lost its usefulness. Its boards have become rotten and creak every once in awhile. It no longer has the youthful appearance that it was able to keep so long. Yet it has not faltered in its age and still stands as straight and tall as it had so many years before.

Each day as the sun casts its light on the pier, as it has done each day in the past, an old man can be seen walking there. His skin is rough and wrinkled with a tint of sunburn. Fine white hairs partially cover his head and his eyes are a reflection of the sea water that surrounds the pier. The man places one leg in front of the other in a never ending manner that matches the pilings of the pier below him. When he reaches the end of the pier he stands and looks out over the water. He does this sometimes for hours on end. Then he leaves so that he may return again the next day.

He used to be married a long time ago. Nobody ever saw much of his wife because she spent all of her time with him. You could see the two of them when they walked along the shore or on the pier. Her love for him was as great as her faith in him. She asked for nothing but gave everything. Her luxuries were few though because he was unable to buy them for her. As a result of this people would say that he did not love her. But to her love could not be found in gifts or pretty things to wear. It was not in any of those things. It was right there in your heart. All you had to do was look for it.

She became ill one day. The doctors told him that there was nothing anybody could do for her. They estimated that she had but one more year to live. He refused to believe them and as a result would spend all the time that he was not with her in search of someone or something that could save her.

He would despair at times, but there was something inside of him that would not allow him to give up, so he continued looking. He found someone at last who he thought could cure her. The treatment began immediately. But to his horror, instead of getting better she became continually worse.

One by one the days came and went and she improved not. Then again another day came and passed by. It was no different from any of the other days, only when it was gone so was she. That which was to save her had done just the opposite. Her year to live ended six months early.

People blamed him for his wife's early death, and this hurt him more than they could know. But had he the opportunity to live any part of his life again he would have done nothing different. For to him it was better to have tried and failed than to spend the rest of his life wondering.

One day, shortly after this happened, as he stood on the pier and looked out to sea, something broke off, dangled for a moment and then fell, end over end, into the water. It hardly made a splash. It never even floated but went right to the bottom and did not return to the surface. It had been an integral part of the structure of the pier. Without it the pier could not serve its function. None of the people ever tried to replace it or fix it though. Most of them did not even notice that it was missing. He knew that it was gone however because he had been there when it broke off. But try as he may he could not replace it or even fix it by himself.

The years passed and the pier became useless. On the outside it looked as sturdy as it had ever been. It never showed any signs of weakness. But it had lost something, something in its internal structure, something that the rest of the pier prevented anybody from seeing, something that when gone made a perfectly good pier become useless.

Still everyday the old man comes back to the pier where

he casts his lonely view out to sea and searches the horizon.  
It is as if he can always return to the place but never to the  
time. To him now lonely is just another word because he has  
nothing else to lose, and living is as hard as believing that his  
life is going to end.

*JAMES B. VOGLER III*  
*Class of 1973*

*Third Place Poem*

Nightfall

A quiet sun drifts  
below the rim of mountains  
without protest  
of fierce colors,  
and shafts of light  
spill in sky streams  
above the dim valley.

Imprisoned no longer,  
the darkness crawls outward  
and upward from me,  
and fills the valley  
with chilling shadow.

The center of silent  
unmoving blackness,  
I am one  
with the night.

*ROGER F. HEALY*  
*Class of 1973*

*Third Place Short Story*

Mirror

“Whadya mean you’re going with a white girl?”

She glared at him and he turned his head to avoid her eyes. Some mother, he thought. This isn’t love, it’s a dictatorship.

“I said exactly what I meant.” His voice was low and calm. There was no emotion in his words—no fear as the fear he saw in the woman sitting across from him—his mother.

“Look at me,” she snapped.

His eyes still remained fixed at the window, unblinking. It made her uneasy and he knew it. She reached into her housecoat for her cigarettes and lighter. She pulled them out and fumbled around with the half-empty pack before sticking a cigarette into her mouth and lighting it. The light made shadows of the wrinkles in her dark brown face and she coughed as she quickly exhaled the smoke. There was no use trying to get him to look; he never looked at her anymore. It was as though she had grown uglier; not only on the outside—but on the inside, too.

She broke the silence first.

“Look, I’m trying to help you.”

“How? By telling me who to love and who not to love?” He was looking at her now. The cigarette smoke irritated her eyes making them water. He could see the reflection of the kitchen light off her shiny blood-red eyes. She wiped them with the back of her hand and erased the reflection from its watery existence. Her hand became wet making the cracks on her near-ebony skin disappear. She coughed again. “Help me?” he continued. “How can you help someone else when you can’t even help yourself? You’re killing yourself on those cigarettes and you won’t even TRY to stop.”



“I don’t think that’s any of your business,” she scowled.

“I don’t think who I go with is any of your business, either.”

“I don’t give a damn what you think, as long as you live in MY house it IS my business.”

He turned his face away again. She always brought out the fact that it was her house and that he’d have to do what she told him to do. It was true, he knew, but some things were stretched too far. Besides, whenever she said it, it always backed him against a cold stone wall—a bulwark of hate and ignorance.

“Didja hear me? This is my house and you’ll do what I say as long as you live here, and I say you’d better stay away from her. Because the first time her parents ring that doorbell and ask me to do something about you, I will. So help me, I WILL.”

Her voice was getting higher and she was talking faster now. Stay calm, he thought, she’s getting angry. He turned to face her and a crooked smile appeared on his face.

“Is that what you’re afraid of? Some white people coming over here? Oh, no. You’re afraid that some REAL people might see how ugly you are. They might see what you really are—what the trash you date never see. They’re either blind or you’ve got them under some spell like a . . . a . . . a Medusa.”

“Look, dammit, I don’t have to take that from you.”

“If not me, then who? Everyone else sees a woman and bypasses all your faults. But I’ve known you for sixteen years and you’ve never amounted to anything. A lousy civil service job—anybody can get one. You’ve never had to work for anything. When you married Dad you had to use your authority to get what you wanted. First on him, but he divorced you. Now you’re working on me. You’re trying to tell me who to love and when to love. If you tell me to die, am I supposed to do that, too?”

“Get out of my sight before I SLAP YOUR FACE OFF!”

That was all. He knew she couldn't take any more, but what would happen now? Maybe it didn't matter, though. After all these years he had finally won. He had emerged the victor and she was the defeated. The loser. It's funny, though. She had been losing all her life and never knew it.

He stuck his hands into his pockets, walked into his bedroom and slammed the door behind him.

Some time passed while she sat there in the darkness, illuminated only by the dim kitchen light and the orange glow from her cigarette. She finished it and stood up. A tear of self-pity ran down her wrinkled cheek. A mirror had finally confronted her. It was her only vulnerability, and she couldn't stand the ugliness that she saw in herself. She had seen herself as she was—as her son had said—a Medusa. A woman with no beauty inside. A woman who had stoned others with her authority. And now she saw herself in a mirror and it hurt. Oh, God, did it hurt.

She walked down the hall to his room and knocked on the door.

“Son, there's food in the kitchen if you want it.”

She opened the door and turned on the light. The hangers in his closet dangled nakedly. On the bed she could see the impression of a suitcase. The drawers in his dresser exposed their bareness as her tired eyes roamed the room in vain. The front door banged shut.

She leaned against the wall and sighed. Another tear rolled down her cheek. She had lost him and he was all she had. Yet, was the tear for losing him or was it for losing the battle?

She entered her darkened bedroom and pulled out a cigarette and lighter from her pocket. As she lit it, the light from the flame made shadows of the wrinkles in her face and made her stringy hair look like snakes.

*RICHARD E. FELTON*  
*Class of 1975*

Loveset

Burning clouds, ashen skies.  
A gilt-red sun wafting on a silken sea.  
Sunset.  
An ending of the light,  
An ending of things.  
Beginning of dark.

Burning words, ashen glances,  
Guilt-edged emotions piercing heart-armor.  
Loveset.  
An ending of tryst.  
An ending of trust  
Beginning of dark.

*STEVEN E. BARACH*  
*Class of 1975*

## Silent Nights

Sometimes  
When the stillness of the night  
And the quiet of my thoughts  
Flow as one,

The play that is you and me  
Unfolds itself  
On my mind's stage.

And I regret the roles we play.

I am a harlequin  
With yellow tights  
And checkered mask  
And pasted smile.

And you  
A lady  
Beautiful and distant.

I with my wooden sword  
And paper shield  
Am off to slay windmills

And you  
In a distant tower  
Are eager to be gone to a more distant castle.  
Gone without a thought for an errant crusader  
Sure to follow.

The curtain falls  
The house lights rise  
And I am drawn once more  
To my silent nights  
And quiet thoughts.

*STEVEN E. BARACH*  
*Class of 1975*

## After the Mighty Depart

It was a time of seeking.  
As the sleek, eager jets sought the breast of the sky  
Like fiery darts striking true.  
As the plunging prow stalked the billows of the deep,  
seeking. . . .

I crouched in the iron maw of a hatchway,  
Suspended between sea and sky. And my soul was seeking, too.  
A power. A mighty power of peace  
To quell to quaking in my heart.

A salt-spray gale whipped my face, flattened  
Me to the bulkhead and swept the deck with frenzied force.  
A sprung porthole wailed complaint  
And there was no Peace on the winds.

The ravening roar of revving jets  
Resounded across the rising rumble of the ship  
Until the deck plates quivered and shook.  
Peace was not here.

The next jet, then the next, then  
The last swept by and clawed thin air,  
Flames from their scarlet tails tingeing the cringing  
sky.  
Here too was Peace a stranger.

At last the ship was silent.  
The engines muttered softly,  
The breeze gently ruffling the ensign on the stern.

As I slowly straightened, a mate brushed past  
And whispered a soft greeting of friends before stepping  
inside.

With a childlike wonder in my heart  
I followed him into the warmth—  
For here was

Peace!

*DAVID A. FLATTERY*  
*Class of 1974*

Excerpt from *The Supreme Nemesis*

Soaring, soaring, soaring,  
Into the abyssmal recesses of space  
The magnificent eagle glides, beyond human eyes,  
Beyond reality.  
His omniscient eyes float over the earth  
Oversee the world in its lowest and highest.  
His proud head held erect,  
His mighty wings spread,  
His powerful talons in check.  
The entire body: a god, gliding into the sun,  
The shadow stretches o'er a city, a country:  
Does he search for Gilead?  
Or does he simply fly and observe . . .  
Up, up into the heavens,  
Never displaying intention, emotion  
Soaring into the abyssmal recesses of space.

*JAMES G. HAZEN*  
*Class of 1974*



## Shadows

Letters have ways of returning  
from distant, dusty boxes  
to color grey memories  
hidden by years—long shadows.

One returned today,  
coloring a slender, young girl  
with sunset cloud hair,  
twisting emerald eyes,  
and a tiny, wistful smile  
still beyond my understanding.  
A girl that once, on a dark night,  
trusted me,  
and one day  
quietly turned  
away.

*ROGER F. HEALY*  
*Class of 1973*

## London Evening

Walking alone  
under the yellow night lights  
that compress everything  
into white and black,  
listening to the softer  
two-toned siren,  
and pushing through  
pub crowds,  
touching stares and sudden silence,  
for once the alien.

The curious gazes flick  
up, down,  
up, and away,  
with a proper  
twist of the head,  
and a twitching smile.

Then, the sudden  
early deserting of streets  
for more comfortable  
and private flats  
leaves me to walk  
slowly back to a cheap hotel  
through gray shades  
of night.

*ROGER F. HEALY*  
*Class of 1973*

Spaced-Out Freddie

Spaced-Out Freddie  
often Thought  
of Women and  
Sex and  
Graduation.

He was a great,  
Slimy  
Meatball,  
with Tousled Hair  
And  
A gigantic complex  
of minute particles  
of Beef  
Arranged in globules  
of Gristle and  
Thought and  
Conflict.

He rolled  
Along  
His wheel of life  
Pricked  
by a million-jillion Forks  
and Doubts and  
Fears.

He was inedible.

But  
He dreamed  
of long, clean strands  
of Spaghetti  
all grasping

in White, Pasta'd, Sensous  
Fingers  
His Eyes and  
Lips and  
Tongue.

Every Clinging, Psyched-Out  
Mote  
Held together  
in all that grease  
Desperately . . .  
Needed . . .  
Help,  
or maybe  
some more  
Olive Oil.

*CHARLES L. HORTON*  
*Class of 1972*

Afternoon Tea

Sitting in circles  
Clicking antique china  
And false teeth  
Between cracked lips  
The rulemakers  
Weave their wares.

*HOWARD T. LUTHER*  
*Class of 1973*

**Proud of His Pious Attitude**

Proud of his pious attitude  
But mindful of his sin,  
The man with the mind  
Closed as tight as a fist  
Forgot to ask where the candles were  
And rummaged through the altar,  
Stepping on the few he found.

*HOWARD T. LUTHER*  
*Class of 1973*

cancelled

The ship that flies no flag sails with the tide.  
and since i'm just getting my ship together  
i have no flag  
so i am pulled away by the tide  
to fight the dragons of other seas  
never having reached my destination  
but still so close . . .  
so close . . .

*JAMES A. McCLURE*  
*Class of 1974*

### The Middle

And somehow the year began.  
And somehow the year will end.  
And thus the middle is lost at no cost  
to the people up above.  
But the people concerned have learned  
and are aware that it is there:  
    The good.  
    The bad.  
    The hurt.  
And that is all that need be said of hurt.  
For as time leaps and creeps and weeps,  
she only has strength to carry  
for length the pointed  
message of a  
smile.

*DAVID C. McLAUGHLIN*  
*Class of 1972*



Self

The rosy child rolls down the hill,  
Sits up straight, and smiles at the thrill.  
"I Think."

You think! You comprehend!  
Is this the start or just the end?  
Or do you understand and reason

each season's mood,  
judging as you should?

Think!

The blush grows bright on his high school face:  
The first kiss accomplished, dry as paste.  
"I think I am."

You feel! You evaluate!  
Generalize quickly before it's too late.  
Experience every sense and act with

the abstract's use  
of rational abuse.

Feel!

The college desk lamp faithfully beams  
As he works on Calculus and his dreams.  
"Therefore I am."

You sense! You're real!  
You're one step now beyond the feel.  
If you're particular and concrete,

the feat is reality  
almost complete.

Sense!

The father of four carefully watches his son  
Roll down the hill, and remembers the fun.

"I think."

You're intuitive! You're mystic!  
Your functions blend into the realistic  
Accident of irrationality concerning life  
and what could be  
the essence of reality.

Intution!

The wrinkled old man sits alone, it appears,  
Thriving with what he feels, sees, and hears.

"I am me."

You're self! You're complete!  
At last you have removed the sheet  
Of superior functioning with inferior help,  
made all four equal,  
and found your self.

SELF!

*DAVID C. McLAUGHLIN*  
*Class of 1972*

The Middle Justifies the Ends

The student sits to watch his teacher write  
And wonders hard at what he has to say.  
To teach with chalk the song of wrong or right  
Or counsel strong and let him pick his way?  
The teacher stands and knows they are confused.  
(The "they" of course including also him.)  
But what is best to tell the rams and ewes;  
Go out to pasture, or to stay within?  
The closing gate feels often safe and warm,  
But open minds can likewise be the same.  
And sharing openly on the long run  
Helps teacher and pupil stay wise and sane.  
The best way to teach is the best way to learn;  
Start at both ends and let the candle burn.

*DAVID C. McLAUGHLIN*  
*Class of 1972*

## The Joke

A flower blooms and Nature trembles  
In the agonizing orgasm  
Of life creation.  
Colliding worlds unite  
In the frustrating fusion  
Of my being.  
And the rising suns are cold  
And cast no light  
On my gestative perspicacity,  
As yet unable to see the foredoomed frolic of nascency.  
Then, from my warm cave of subliminal beginnings,  
I am thrust, unwillingly,  
Into freezing sterility  
To taste the first slap  
Of many.  
And I hurl forth in nonlingual vocalization the despair  
That I must continue this larksome game I did not begin.  
On rocky paths I stumble  
From stillborn innocence to remorseful cognition,  
Amidst cataclysmic negations of black and white,  
Where magnetominded directionalists inhibit truth  
Within walls of grey  
And permeate the cosmos  
With their runic jest:  
    “Amerika, Love it or Eat it.”  
    “Burn babies, burn ’em black on the ash age.”  
Progress reigns supreme, while  
In stifling deserts of enforced conformance  
My mundane being decays

Until my terminal instant of omniscience  
Sends bitter reverberations  
Through dimensionless, spatial vacuums.  
And I laugh insanely.

*RICHARD D. PARMENTIER*  
*Class of 1972*

While Spectators Sleep . . .

From Death's eye a Ghost of life springs  
Eternal in its quest to expose the truth of the Joke Universal.  
Half-nude Gladiators sacrifice the dirt of their  
existence for ethereal, yet nonexistent, freedom.

No mad mortician can mask the sparkle of a grinning  
Corpse.  
No well-fed priest can forgive undoubted salvation of the  
Maniac.

And the blood flows . . .

Yet, even as the fountain of life runs dry,  
The Combatants continue to strike,  
Competition forever driving them to quench the  
Crowd's thirst for gore.  
The Masses give hypnotic cheers  
While Grey Forces advance the cause of Normality,  
Secretly stealing egos from unsuspecting souls,  
Feasting on the Murkly Lie like wolves on a fallen doe;  
Mediocrity, fattening itself, encircles the globe.

The sly Shadows laugh silent whispers,  
Exalting in their triumph over black and white,  
BUT,  
The Smirk of contending defeat lies dormant  
Only while Spectators sleep . . .

*RICHARD D. PARMENTIER*  
*Class of 1972*

Daydream #7&13

From the far side of Xanadu  
My lady and I ride a golden dragon  
Through gardens of blooming magnolias,  
Fragrant amidst the decaying shroud of steelglass skyscrapers  
Intimately wired to the almighty death machine.  
Yet, even while panhandling drunks and broken machines  
Attack our minds and bodies,  
In sweet embrace does the featherbedback of our dragon  
Provide the setting for our play.

My Lady, softskinned goddess with swimming halo of hair,  
I share with you now the entire gamut of unfathomed  
    dimensions, disposable in my being.  
Together, with minds and bodies melted as one  
We float through quiet streets of unseeing people,  
Where the man at the gate takes our money  
    and the neon signs warp our minds.

But from my warm garden of sweetsweated loveplay  
To the top of those cold giants of steel,  
My laughter resounds in smug confidence  
Arising from the only valuable reality,  
The love between my lady and me—  
And They can't take it away!

*RICHARD D. PARMENTIER*  
*Class of 1972*

## Space

Vast, unlimited, empty beyond comprehension  
This thing we call Space stretches to the Ends  
Of the Universe  
Miles upon miles, volumes on volumes filled  
With Nothing, until for the briefest pinpoint of area  
The fleetingest moment  
There Is Something

Something which may be nothing more than an infinitesimal  
Speck of matter, or a billion times earth-size star  
Just as infinitesimal  
In the cold, yawning, empty nothingness of Space  
Dark and forever silent, that Something can suddenly and  
Irresolutely pop forth  
Life

Laughing, learning, loving, boisterous, brawling, sprawling  
For the smallest split second of Universal Time and Space  
Pushing back the cold  
Fighting the vacuum, lighting, filling Space with the  
Noise, the heat, the desire, the need and the conviction  
of Being  
"I am," cries Man(?) from his brief niche of Time  
What, why, when, where he questions unheeding  
Unresponding Space

From his unthinking, solely responsive to instinct  
Animal existence, Man becomes a collective unity  
Reaching for the Stars  
He sets out to conquer Space, reaches, stretches  
to the utmost limits of his Being, grinding, rending,  
destroying



That which thwarts his aims  
Of subjugating to the human will all that he understands and  
Accepts or doesn't understand and accepts or doesn't accept  
and  
Doesn't understand

For this is his Destiny  
To conquer unconquerable Space, undefeatable Man will  
Taste defeat as Space curves back upon itself  
At the Ends of the Universe  
Yet there are no Ends, no defeat, only One great Unity, One  
Underlying Reality from which All springs forth, flickering  
Into existence  
Long enough to recognize Itself, from Something—Nothing  
From Death—Life, from No Beginning—No End  
Circling back on Itself  
Yin and Yang

Then as suddenly and as irresolutely as it burst into  
Thought and Being and Feeling  
As suddenly as the cold, solemn, forever dead Space  
Erupted into negation of darkness and non-life  
That Something Is no longer  
Space resumes Its silent vigil once again  
Waiting . . .

*JOHN R. WATKINS*  
*Class of 1972*

